



MERCURY and the STATUARY.

MERCURY one morning, as 'tis said,
 Would this our earthly mansion tread,
 To know how lov'd, and in what light,
 His worship stood in mortals fight,
 And to a statuary's flew,
 Where not a soul his worship knew.
 There stood the mighty Thund'rer's form,
 So carv'd, it seem'd with vigour warm.

The

The price he asks,—a tri
 (How cheap, thought he
Juno stood next, an ima
 In flowing robe, with he
 On her a handsome price
Jove's messenger himsel
 The God of trade, of a
 As well as tricking, frau
 Thought that his worth
 He ask'd :— ' If you'll
 ' The other two, the m
 ' I'll throw this blockhe

M O R

The world will ever
 Who peerless seem in th